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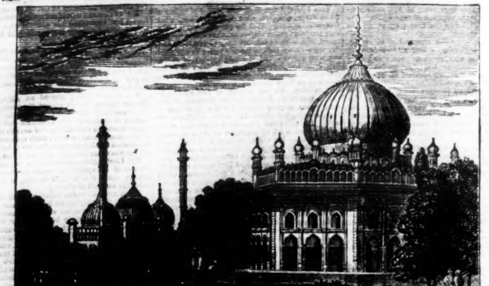
MAUSOLEUM OF AZOPH UD DOWLAH—AT LUCNOW, EAST INDIES.



Guard of this ..., whose beauteous dome
Surmounts the gloom of the silent tomb,—
Whose lofty minarets lead the eye
To realms of bliss in the cloudless sky.
'Tis well; for the world's pursuits are o'er,
And life's vain pageantry charms no more.
Whose ashes repose beneath the gloom!
Who tenants the richly sculptured tomb!
Stranger, beneath thy wandering eye
Azoph ud Dowlah's relics lie.

Its mourning offspring loves to tell
How widely, how wisely, he ruled; how well!
If the warrior's weapon supported his sway,
In the pomp and the pride of the battle's array;
If his prowess was felt in the tented field,
And his fiercest opponents compelled to yield;
'Tis not to proclaim a conqueror's praise
This tribute of high respect we raise.

'Tis the mild, the just, and the peaceful sway
Of a monarch whose people were proud to obey—
For their weal was his joy; his labour their good
Enthroned in their hearts, unrivalled he stood;
This proudly splendid sepulchral fane
Stands not a pageant unmeaning and vain;
'Tis the urn of his offspring's weeping eyes,
The proof of a grateful people's sighs!

From the American Monthly Magazine.

Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily.

THE EXECUTION.

"And now—my woman heart is steeled:—
Call for the bravest of the brave,
Your reapers of the crimson field,
To whom the battle yell is breath,
To look upon a woman's death." *Cleopatra.*

It was already night—though the summits of the distant Appenines yet glowed with crimson rays, which, gradually passing to the higher peaks, at length were lost in the surrounding gloom. The moon was rising behind Vesuvius, and poured, at intervals, a partial light on the waters of the bay; while the soft breeze, fresh from its wanderings, amid the foliage of the orange grove and the aloe, mingled its murmuring with the evening song of the laborer, as he wended his way homeward, or the hymn of the fisherman on the seashore, in gratitude to his patron saint for a night so propitious to his favorite occupation.

A large and sumptuously decorated apartment in Castel Novo, the royal abode at Naples, contained two inmates at the hour we mention.—Through the open casements that overlooked the sea streamed the moon's rays, but they were half overpowered by the brilliance of a silver lamp that stood on a table in the centre of the room. The apartment gave evidence in the tastefulness of its ornaments, of female occupation; a drapery of damask, broidered with silver flowers, and adorned with various devices, hung around the walls; and a lute, covered with a delicate net of gold and mother of pearl, was fastened by a green ribbon to a writing-table of polished wood, rich with marquetry, on which were carelessly thrown books richly bound and clasped with gold, and a parchment covered with musical notes. All was quiet, save the incessant surging of the waves against the castle walls, or now and then a murmur of distant voices, or a burst of laughter from the lower chambers, where soldiers and pages were carousing over their evening repast.

The chamber, as we observed, was tenanted by two females, but of very different appearance. One of them in age approached the verge of human life; but, though deep lines in her speaking countenance betokened the years with their wonted burden of sorrow that had passed over her, there was nothing in her form, yet stately, though worn to almost super-human leanness by the workings of the restless spirit within—or in her eyes, dark, deep, and often terrible in their strange lustre—to betray the decrepitude that generally accompanies extreme old age. It seemed as if Time, which had blighted the beauty of early years, had only strengthened and hardened the fabric he strove to destroy. The firmness of a spirit, more than masculine in its courage, had sufficed to resist the inroads of the enemy, thus compelled to exhaust his efforts upon the outworks of the apparently impregnable citadel. So we have seen some aged tree, with foliage long ago scattered by the wild winds of autumn, or buried in the snows of winter, still defying in its pride the power of the blast, that swept harmlessly over its withered head, to bow down many a stately scion of the forest! Those striking features were now overspread with a deep shade of sadness; it might be from too vivid recollection of recent scenes; it might be from an undefined presentiment of what the future had in store. Philippa, the Catanese—for it was no other—reclined on a couch, the back of which, shaped like a winged dragon of gold, supported the arm on which her head was dropped. Her robe was of black velvet with large silken sleeves; the flowing trains that were the fashion of the day, well became the majestic height of her person.

The other female, young and beautiful, formed the most perfect contrast imaginable to her companion. Her figure was slight and fragile, with that peculiar pliancy which marks youth and delicacy of nature, the more interesting from the aspect of dependence—ever claiming aid from others, as conscious of weakness in itself. She wore a robe of blue bordered with cloth of silver, and a tight bodice of velvet; her rich abundance of dark curls, partially confined by a ribbon, fell over a neck of alabaster. If her features displayed not the dignity of her companion, a confiding gentleness—a tender sweetness, were visible in their expression—a mildness beautiful as that which shines in the most charming pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, where maiden modesty renders more exquisite the portraiture of feeling or of thought.

She was kneeling beside her aged relative; one arm caressingly rested on her shoulder, the other hand pointed to an open scroll that lay on Philippa's lap. Her accents were those of remonstrance and entreaty; she was imploring the Catanese to shun dangers vaguely hinted at in the warning scroll before them, which the kindness of a friendly noble had sent.

Since the mysterious murder of Joanna's husband—Andrew of Hungary—at Aversa, and the failure of government agents to detect the perpetrators of the deed, suspicion had been artfully excited against those more immediately about the person of the Queen. Information of the peril in which she stood, and the probability that she would herself be impeached ere long as the author of the crime, had been conveyed to Philippa; but she was too high-minded to shrink from danger.

'It may not be!' said she, at length; 'my flight would but furnish proof to them; nor would I, to save my poor residue of life, do aught to countenance such slander.'

'Wherefore not retire for a season till the storm blow over! Surely the counsel of Costanzo were sincere!'

'*Sancha mia*—I have no fears. I would the minds of the council, every one of them, might read this scroll!—Come, sit by me, child of my care—nay, wipe away those tears—and learn, if *I* have cause to dread or repine at reverse, who have known it all my life as a bosom friend! Thine existence, *Cara*, has passed in the sunshine of a court; thou knowest when my summers were few in number, I was a stranger to Courts and the world. They call me fortunate who know of my sudden rise to wealth and rank from the humble lot of my infancy; their sympathy would weep for me, knew they that I left happiness behind in my lovely valley.'

Sancha looked up with a wondering gaze into the eyes of her companion.

'I say truly. I was the daughter of poverty; in the years of childhood did I know my destiny, a proud one—for a sybil foretold it me, and I dreamed but of future greatness. Often have I watched till midnight on the sea-shore, watching the sailing of distant sails, indulging in idle fancies till my brain burned, and I would have wildly claimed from the winds and the waves the power to burst my spirit's thraldom! I panted for the world—the unknown world—which to my vision showed fair and golden, like clouds embosomed on the distant sea. I panted for it—though quiet happiness could have been mine in obscurity, and the love of *one* who would have died for me! The day of my advancement came at last. I was elevated to splendor, to a high post at Court, and left my native spot, my father's house, my rustic lover, my betrothed! without one sigh of regret or of remorse for broken faith! My royal master and mistress loved me, and in proof of their esteem, gave me as a husband, one high in rank and honor, of ancient blood. On the day we were wedded, at a tourney which I attended with my mistress, Queen Violante, my attention was arrested by the antics of a *jongleur*, who amused the crowd by dancing and leaping to the sound of a viol, at the same time throwing oranges into the air, and catching them one by one. As I looked from the gallery, he suddenly turned and threw one into my lap. The outer rind was scored with the letters of my name; within was the fragment of a chain of gold I had shared in days past with my lover, as a pledge of constancy. He had died—died cursing my falsehood! for never, never would he have surrendered the token save with life! How bitterly my heart smote me as I gazed on it, Sancha! that moment of self-reproach outweighed all the gratifications of rank and pomp! It was the first time, amid my heedless ambition, I had felt the sting; thenceforth it poisoned all life's enjoyments. The thought of him on whose heart I had trampled in my first step to splendor, disenchanted mine eyes for ever. I moved amidst the gaze of wonder and envy a being of blighted heart! Should my death be in shame and anguish, it cannot wipe away that guilt!'

'Yet faithful has thou been, O Philippa, in every duty since ——' pleaded the soft low voice of her grand daughter.

'I loved my royal foster-child, and devoted life to him. Ever shunning the companionship of the Court, soon the envy of familiars fixed on me the hateful charge of *sorcery*. Nay, my mistress herself incurred deep censure for my sake; for, well said Paschal, 'we must always stoop when we raise people from the ground.' One lesson have seventy years of change and disappointment taught me,—the lesson of resignation! And now, though I have grown old in watching over the hope of Naples, I wait with patience the blast that may tear up this withered tree by the roots, and destroy its place for ever!'

'God forbid!' was the exclamation of Sancha, as the door of the apartment opened, and a page entering, commanded their attendance in the grand hall.

Small and melancholy of late had been the circle in the Queen's apartment; since the dreadful night at Aversa her gaiety was gone. Harassed by continual anxiety, the more incessant as she was engrossed with the new cares of a mother; vexed by conflicting counsels, her frame attenuated by the wearing of a disturbed spirit; galled by the foul scandals to which she was too well aware her every action gave rise—she had yet determined, with the advice of a deputation from the nobility and governors of the city, to take upon herself the government of the land. Her first act, after forming her council, was to take measures for the detection and punishment of the murderers of her husband.—Edicts were affixed to the walls of her palace, and in all public places; and in presence of the assembled barons she signed a commission empowering Hugh de Baux, a noble of high honor and esteemed ability, to seek out and bring to justice all the guilty, 'from hall and bower, from hearth and sanctuary, without respect of persons.'

Already had De Baux, in the exercise of his terrible office, seized many of the chamberlains of the Court; the wretched victims were tortured in the palace of the Duke of Durazzo—under the very eye of that fierce Prince; who can marvel if the testimony wrung from them was such as should be most gratifying to him, who labored to elevate himself by the destruction of his Queen! The incoherent disclosures of the sufferers were communicated to De Baux; and on that night the haughty Durazzo repaired to the presence of his mistress, secretly exulting in the growing success of his machinations.

Surrounded by the members of her household and her most familiar friends, whom she had summoned at the demand of De Baux, for admission in the prosecution of his office, the Queen, on this evening, was wholly unsuspicious of the new and unexpected blow so soon to fall on her. Her robe of deep mourning, destitute of ornament, accorded with the sadness and the expression of care on her beautiful face—the first fruit of her ill-starred royalty! She wore a black veil, that could be drawn at pleasure over her countenance.

A deep silence prevailed through the circle at the entrance of the commissioner; every breath was hushed as he passed through the hall, and having paid his salutation to the sovereign, advanced, and, with the customary form of accusation, arrested Philippa, and her grand-daughter the Countess of Murzano.

Amazement, terror, and at last irrepressible indignation, took possession of the Queen. She had started to her feet at the first appalling announcement, and stood pale and motionless for a few seconds' space; then, the rich blood again mantling cheek and brow, she hastily advanced. 'What is this, my lords!' she exclaimed, in accents of deep feeling and still deeper scorn; 'we know—this touches us too nearly! Shame on thee, Sir Hugh!' she continued, addressing the commissioner, while her eyes flashed displeasure; 'we gave you power, as a true servant of the state, and one zealous for the honor of your Sovereign, not as the weak churl who can be swayed by the lightest breath of calumny!'

'Fairly and honorably, oh Queen, hath he quitted him of his trust!' cried the deep hoarse voice of Durazzo; 'I pledge my knightly word in witness—'

'What would your Grace!' interrupted Joanna, turning to the Duke, and speaking in tones of bitter irony. 'We know your gentleness and courtesy, fair kinsman; aye, and your love to ourself! We should be bounden, sooth, for your vigilance so far surpassing our own! Yet pardon if we dispute your jurisdiction over the ladies of the bed chamber!'

'Your Majesty would not protect the guilty! You may not, if you would,' replied the Duke, rudely. 'Your commissioner holds, at this moment, the recorded confessions of acc[illegible] criminals, who have this day undergone the question, accusing yonder dames as their accomplices. Surrender them, then, to the just doom that awaits them.'

'Never will I surrender them! Take rather mine own life! Base, base are ye, and inhuman!—striving to fix a stain like this upon the fame of your mistress! Never—while the lips of Joanna can unclose to utter a command—while she has vassals ready to start at her bidding—aye, and to smite down tyranny and insolence—NEVER shall they be surrendered to you!'

We know not what the overbearing insolence of Durazzo might have prompted in reply, but the dispute was terminated by Philippa herself. Approaching with her wonted air of majesty, she kissed the hand of the Queen. 'Let me depart, oh gracious and beloved mistress!' she said; 'let me depart with your officer, to answer the foul charge before the Tribunal. Believe me, it needs but encounter. Truth will—must triumph in the end.' Then turning to De Baux. 'I go with you,' she said, 'of mine own free will!'

Durazzo was disconcerted at this ready submission, where he expected resistance—he stepped back abashed; but the Queen gave way to the burst of grief, and flinging her arms round her aged nurse, wept so long and bitterly, that the sternest in the circle was moved at the sight of such anguish in one so young and lovely. There was a general movement; some cried shame upon Durazzo—some ranged themselves round her, as it to shield Joanna from her kinsman. Thrice, silently invoking a blessing, did the old Countess bend over the fair head that lay on her bosom; clasping Joanna in a last embrace, she turned to follow the guard.

'Not so!' cried the Queen, yet struggling with emotion; 'you shall not go hence in shame, as if already condemned! Nay, in this I will be heard! Let the examination proceed: in the face of all Naples will I proclaim your innocence!'

'Alas!' was the reply, 'it would but brand with rebuke unmerited a nobler and a holier head than mine! I will meet the peril! a brief prison will be no hardship even to these aged limbs, if truth prevailed through me! Sancha, my beloved, it is a sorer trial for youth like thine—but our cause is a righteous one!'

The party moved towards the door; Joanna sprang forward as they stirred, and grasped Durazzo's arm imploringly.

'It is in your hands, oh spare my aged and faithful servant! Promise me, her trial shall be brief—it is but to satisfy the people!'

'Madam! it is not I who am judge in this matter,' returned the Duke, assuming, however, in his tone and manner, all the authority his words disclaimed. 'For your sake'—and the insulting emphasis brought the indignant blood like lightning to the Queen's cheek—'we will hope her acquittal!'

To save even the life of her only friend, Joanna could not have uttered one word more. The implied imputation was already known to her through the warnings of the deputation of Lords, who had judged it fitting to inform her of the slanders in circulation. Had she obeyed the impulse of her indignation, it would have been repelled with scorn; but her instinctive delicacy taught her it was unbecoming that a Queen should condescend to protest her innocence of a crime so horrible. The exhibition even of a consciousness of being suspected would have degraded her in the eyes of her subjects; and though her bosom burned with just anger, which prompted her to the punishment of the bold traitors who had dared breathe a calumny against her fame, she silently endured the revolting suspicion, shielded by no bulwark save innocence from the shafts of malice. Her sole resource was to conform to the sad destiny of Kings—which forbids them to trust in any!

With indecorous haste the Council decided upon the fate of Philippa and the Countess Sancha.—Their final examination by the horrible 'Question' was appointed to take place on the morrow; yet the prospect of torture and death was fraught with far less anguish to the Catanese, than the thought of her youthful relative—condemned, in the pride of health and beauty, to share the same fate. It seemed, however, as if misfortune had given new strength and energy to the drooping frame of the young Countess. She strove to cheer her companion; and when the weariness consequent on her mental suffering overpowered Philippa, would talk of hope, that still brightened her own spirit though all was dark before them. The night advanced—the last night in their dungeon; and the two spent its hours in prayer, till the younger sank into sleep, forgetful even of the horrors to be heralded by the dawn. To Philippa death had no terrors; for the energy of a mind subjected to life-long trials lifted her above the nameless dread that so generally accompanies the idea of death. She had long outlived the period when externals have power to dazzle; the affections of her soul had centered in her royal charge and in her children. Yet, though she knew both her sons in the power of her persecutors, accused of the same crime for which she was to suffer, even the prospect of their doom was less bitter to her than the calamities she saw impending over the head of the Queen—than the sight of her companion in suffering, stretched on their dungeon couch, and looking so pale and lovely in her slumber, that the very heart of the gaoler was melted. 'Wo is me!' she cried, 'that the flower too must perish!' and, raising the masses of dark hair, she kissed the marble forehead of the sleeper. Slowly then she rose, and throwing a mantle over her person moved towards the narrow window of their cell.

The dawn was breaking coldly over the city.—The range of domes and spires were distinctly visible, and beyond them the blue expanse of the sea. A few lights were yet burning in the distant apartments of the palace; and the thoughts of the captive wandered from her own sorrow to the certain anguish of one, who, though paramount in dignity, had no power to save her revered confidant from a shameful death. Truly has it been observed, that if no other sorrow had ever marked the life of the Queen of Naples, her crown was dearly purchased by her agony now—when she knew that the playmate of her infancy, the gentle companion of her youth, and she, who had been to her in the light of a mother, whom her royal predecessors had loved and honored, who had closed the eyes of so many of her ancestors, were to perish almost before her eyes; while she, who knew their innocence, was not only forbidden by policy to protect them, but even to relieve their sufferings by her presence.—Nay, it was in her name the executioner would lift the axe or light the torch! And Joanna knew—every tear the loss of ancient affection drew forth—every shudder of anguish at the rupture of ancient ties, to which the heart clings more deeply in sorrow—was watched with jealous scrutiny, was branded as a proof of her participation to the guilt. The whispers of suspicion and disaffection had been rife even within the palace—open rebellion was talked of among many of the haughty Barons of the realm; what resource had a young Sovereign, thus beset, but to sacrifice her bosom's deepest feelings to the dictates of *policy*, that involved the welfare of her kingdom! Such was the resolve to which Joanna had been driven, to which the lofty-minded Catanese had urged her on their final parting—when the anguish of the unfortunate Queen prompted her to risk all, to her very reputation, for their rescue. Joanna still hoped—for hope ever lingers in the breast of the young; with Philippa it had been long extinct.

As the sun rose, tinging the waves with purple light, mellowed in the distance to ruddy gold, and reflected from the burnished domes and palaces like rays of silver, the populace might be seen crowding the mole and the streets near the sea-shore, to witness the horrid spectacle of the examination of the prisoners. It had been determined that this should take place in sight of all; though the spectators were kept at a distance by guarded palisades, to admit of their seeing all that passed without hearing the declarations of the sufferers. Each arrangement was a part of that policy which aimed at the destruction of the youthful Queen, by poisoning the minds of her subjects.

A slight bustle in the prison court, and the clash of weapons announced to the prisoners that the hour was come, even before the door opened, displaying a band of soldiers ready to conduct them. Both were prepared; but the bright, enthusiastic fortitude which had sustained the youthful Sancha through the terrors of her imprisonment, failed to nerve her frame for this trying hour. Reduced by fatigue and fear to almost infantine weakness, she reclined languidly beside the pallet, her face pallid as marble, and her hands clasped in silent prayer. The officer and guards appointed to convey them to torture, approached to bear her from the couch to the sledge; but Philippa waved them off; and while tears—the first that had bedewed in many days that withered cheek—slid slowly down her face; and the anguish of her spirit for the child of her love was apparently in the working of her expressive features—took the hand of her grand daughter, and led her forth. Proudly she paused ere they crossed the threshold of the dungeon, and wiped away that evidence of grief; then, disdaining all assistance, with a mien as majestic as when she moved honored among the noblest of the land, seated herself in the rude car, supporting on her bosom, with fond solicitude, the frailer being whose youthful vigor proved a less sure support in the hour of calamity, than the energy of will born alone of the unconquered soul!

A new trial awaited Philippa, a tall figure, wrapped in a mantle of the fashion, worn by the priesthood, confronted her when about to move on this her last journey. She drew herself up with dignity as she addressed him.

'Is it to behold how his victims meet death that the noble Durazzo honors them with his presence! He may scarce expect from the weakness of female nature the iron nerve of his warriors.'

'Nay, I am here,' muttered the Duke, in a tone as conciliatory as his haughty nature would permit; 'I am here as your friend. Nay, hear me out; my counsel can preserve you even yet, from the death you are to die, and yon drooping dame from tortures more terrible than death.'

The expression of sullen scorn on Philippa's speaking countenance, vanished into one of intense grief at the allusion to her grand-daughter.

'Thou say'st well!' she cried; 'a thousand deaths would I endure to free this lamb from the grasp of the wolf! I will endure thy *counsel*, aye and thank thee, if it yield aid! Speak—what may be done!'

'Disclose the names of your accomplices in this matter,' said Durazzo, slowly, and fixing his eyes on her face. 'We wot well the project was conceived by one higher than thou; confess, and with thee and this lady all shall yet be well!'

The Catanese lifted her eyes to those of the Duke, gazing as though she would read his very soul—till his own quailed before their indignant flash! 'God reward thee,' said she, 'according to thy evil thought! And oh, may the Holy Virgin protect my royal mistress from thy base devisings!'

Durazzo felt his unholy purpose detected, stripped bare to the glance of virtuous abhorrence. He strove to cover his confusion beneath compassionate remonstrances. 'Woman,' he replied, 'your hardihood cannot shield the guilty; confession will save yourself.'

'How gracious is your Highness!' returned the victim with a contemptuous smile; 'who shall say that aught but princely compassion and clemency hath led the lofty Durazzo to parley with the condemned! Who shall say he shows not true zeal for the honor of his Queen, whose realms he would inherit! Who shall say ——'

'Your obstinacy be upon your own head!' said the Duke, muttering curses as he strode away; but returning almost immediately, he pointed to the half lifeless form of Sancha.

'Wilt thou cast away also *her* chance of safety! The young and the fair love not to part with life.'

'Even to her,' was the unmoved reply, 'life would be worthless if bought by falsehood!' And the procession moved on.

It was, in truth, a moving spectacle to see that aged dame, whose years, even had she been less innocent, should have arrested the arm of vengeance—whose long services had won the affection of royal bosoms—who had seen nobles at her feet, and controlled by her influence the destinies of an empire,—dragged to an infamous death—taunted in her last hours by enemies and persecutors—yet silently enduring all, anxious only to shelter and sustain the fainting one beside her—and literally, to smoothe her passage to the grave! The rabble surrounding the car emulated each the other in heaping coward insults on the head of the victim; dust was flung upon her as she passed; every tongue upbraided her; and the execrations, and shouts of rejoicing over the downfall of the supposed sorceress and murderess, at times rose to a perfect yell of fury. It was often with difficulty the guard could open a way, so eagerly did the misguided populace throng to vent the rage that had been artfully roused among them.

There was one, however, who wept bitter and burning tears at the tidings of their fate; one who would have knelt humbly before the rudest of those rude ministers, prayed, as for the boon of life, for permission to embrace for the last time the beloved sufferers; yet was that solace denied her! In agony of spirit that defied all consolation, in paroxysms of despair that terrified her attendants, Joanna paced the floor of her apartment the whole of that fatal night. Coldly, bitterly, she repelled the entreaties of her women—spurning every offer of relief—till the dreaded dawn brought to her ears the hateful shouts of the populace—the din of preparation—the hoarse sound of the bells clanging the death-peal, followed by the ominous silence which told that the fearful tragedy was even then enacting! The revulsion of feeling overpowered her; prostrate on her couch she lay, the succession of quick convulsive sobs that burst from her bosom alone marking her sensibility to mental suffering. One by one the hours passed; the occasional tramp of cavalry, as they swept along the street would arouse her for a moment, to sink again into the delirium of wretchedness.

Meanwhile a work was wrought upon the seashore—in the very smile of that lovely sky, the ... of the inhabitants of earth look upon—which caused the hearts of men to shudder, and blanched the boldest cheek even among the persecutors. It was done! the decrepit Philippa, racked by tortures that would have prostrated many a vigorous frame, and subdued many a manly spirit, but which had been powerless to extort a murmur from her lip, was borne towards the place of final execution.—Sancha was not with her; the strength of the younger had sunk under the ghastly inflictions of her judges, and she had been withdrawn to be restored to life and sense to endure her last punishment, for which the stake and the pile were ready! It may seem incredible, that in an age when 'the gallantry of man in lovelier woman's cause' was raised to a pitch of devotion, when knightly honor and the virtues of justice and clemency were so widely lauded and boasted, and often practised in heroic deeds, that such barbarities could have been heaped on beings tenderly nurtured, whose charms and whose weakness constitute their acknowledged claim to the protection and gentleness of men. But so it was; the deeds of depravity which disgraced those times entitled them, more than any deficiency of knowledge, to the appellation of *the dark ages*. The sun of literature had arisen upon Italy; her proudest luminaries were then in their zenith, and the homage of mankind had already begun to distinguish her as pre-eminent in the noble arts. It was the moral world that was overspread with a deep and appalling gloom; in which principles and institutions were confounded and overwhelmed; a chaos wilder than that of the primitive elements.—An imperfect illumination, like the struggling rays of starlight, was shed on the darkness by the spirit of chivalry; while the precepts of Christianity, perverted and abused, were deprived of their legitimate power to soothe and relieve the ills of humanity.—The noble then held his rank and rights by mere brute force; they depended on territorial possessions. The peer, whose vassals could to-day defend his strong hold, might to-morrow find himself unhonored, as well as landless; the companion in condition of the menial whom he had spurned.—The instability of all things led to selfish and reckless ambition. The boundaries of kingdoms were insecure; rapine and violence took the place of law, and rude discord and insubordination were the consequences among all ranks. Human life, especially the life of an inferior, was valued at a cheap rate; and crimes passed unpunished, nay, were boasted of, which in juster times would have banished the criminal from the brotherhood of man.

The effects of the tortures she had undergone were fearfully visible in the exhausted frame of Philippa. She leaned back helplessly on the sledge; her gray hair torn and matted with blood, or streaming in disorder; her white lips convulsed and covered with foam; the superhuman paleness of her features wildly contrasted with the fire that yet burned in her eyes, as she surveyed the tormentors with an expression of scorn and defiance that pain could not subdue. As they stopped at the foot of the scaffold—for the more merciful doom of the axe was vouchsafed to her who had reared their monarch in her arms—the Bishop drew nigh in his official robes, his holy book open, and addressed the victim, to mock her with the offer of reprieve!

'Philippa of Catania! I repeat as I have thrice done this day already, and for the last time, the offer of mercy. Confess thy guilt; name thy accomplices; and in the name of the Queen, I give you pardon, and space to repent in thy remaining days!'

Philippa looked up; there was a smile on her wan lips the dews of death were already on her brow.

'God will not suffer you,' she said, in slow and feeble accents, 'there to spill my blood, nor to wreak further cruelty on those exhausted limbs!'

'Sayest thou!' shouted the fierce Durazzo, riding up to the spot as he heard her reply. '*Capo di Dio!* doth she yet defy us! Speak, woman, or take thy leave of the sun's light!'

The voice of her cruel enemy roused the expiring energy of life in the bosom of the Catanese. 'I will speak!' she cried—her tones suddenly changed from their former hollowness, now ringing loud and clear—'and He, Durazzo, who reads the depths of that unholy bosom, knows that I speak truth! I but pity you, heary dotard! aye, and the deceived people whom thy satelites have wrought to frenzy—of thee, Charles of Durazzo, will the innocent blood be required! The spirit of prophecy is upon me! As thou hast wrought with the sword, so shalt thou perish by the sword! Not in the ranks of battle—not in the glory of conflict—but in the hour of trust, in the embrace of courtesy—by treachery, foul as thyself hast devised! by menial hands—dishonored and unrevenged! For her whose holy innocence thou would'st dare wrong, whose name thou would'st blacken—clear as yon radiant sun shall her fame shine to the eyes of men, when thou, Duke, liest in the dust!'

'Accursed sorceress!' cried Durazzo; 'to the block with her!' and his soldiers rushed to execute his commands, but started back when they came nigh, as if struck by a spell. She was already dead! That flash of her ancient spirit was the last; yet, though life had departed, the frame was still upright; the right arm she had stretched upwards in the vehemence of her anathema was still erect, as if appealing for its confirmation to the Immortal Judge to whom belongeth vengeance, and whose wrath, like a flaming fire, 'shall devour the wicked.'

Disappointment, doubt, superstitious fear, racked by turns the breast of the fierce noble. Slowly he left the ground, for he felt that his work had been in vain; from that hour all he could win must be won by blood. And determination as stern, but how far nobler than his own, was born in another spirit. Joanna cast that hour from her heart the abused softness, the lacerated feelings which had till now caused the woman to predominate over the Queen; the careless gaity, the youthful vivacity, the childish trust, henceforward to be strangers to her bosom. The soil of her best affections, a bleak and melancholy waste; life, stripped of the golden radiance of hope, she was henceforth no more to dream of uniting the happiness of the individual with the duty of the sovereign. The sun of her morning, which had ridden forth so proudly in a smiling heaven, was buried in the cold gloom of premature twilight; a sullen darkness heralded the thunders that were ere long to roll, and the lightnings that were to flash, lurid and deadly, 'between the day-god and its scattered worshippers.'

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BOAT RIDE.

'Tis night upon the Delaware,
The moon-beams sweet and softly fall,
On her blue waters deep and clear,
From heaven's high and starry hall.
Every little wave's at rest,
And calm and smooth the river's breast,
Embosoming all things on high,
The flying cloud and the azure sky—
The stars that twinkle brightly there,
And the moon that rides serene and fair—
Each tree and shrub upon the shore,
The village, cot, and spire, and bower,
With silvery light are mantled o'er.
The western breezes gently blow,
O'er groves and flowers embalmed in dew,
And waft the scent upon their wing
Of the blossoms of sweet smiling spring.
All nature seems enjoying sleep,
And o'er the plain hangs silence deep;
Save from yonder distant hill
Comes the music of a rill—
Save from yon decaying tree,
Comes the owlet's dismal cry.
Softly doth the shallop glide,
O'er the smooth and glassy tide,
The sound of the quickly moving oar,
Echos on the distant shore,
And mingles with the laugh and song,
As the light boat glides along,
Laden with a lovely freight,
Of gentlemen and ladies bright.
Yes, ladies beautiful are there,
The young, the blooming, and the fair,
Without which, this sweet world would be
A scene of gloom and misery.
Their mildly shining bright blue eyes,
Are stars of Hope in life's dark skies;
Their hearts are fountains of men's joys;
Their smiles are sunshine to his days;
Their sweet consoling words and voice,
A copious source of bliss and peace;
But far most in affliction's hour,
When clouds of sorrow darkly lower,
Before the light of woman's eye,
Before her smile they pass away,
Like fogs before the morning beam,
That vanish like an empty dream.
Now down the stream the light boat moves,
Passing village, plain, and groves;
Light are the hearts of the fair forms there,
Their spirits free as the breathing air;
Their hopes are high, and pure and bright,
As the orb that gilds the gloomy night.
'Tis thus we glide in the bloom of life,
With our bliss unmarr'd by care or strife,
Adown the unruffled stream of time,
In strength, and health, and pride and prime;
But as to age we draw more near,
And rapidly year rolls on year,
The stream more rough begins to flow,
And blasts of hate and sorrow blow,
And calms and storms alternate rise,
Now cloudy and now clear the skies,
Until life's toilsome journey's o'er,
Until we land upon that shore,
Where pain and peril are no more.

Bristol, 5 month 25th, 1838. S. S.

DEJECTION OF SPIRITS.—In sensitive minds dejection of spirits is the great barrier to their advancement and progress in life. It is the fatal enemy to all efficient exertion—taking off the chariot wheels of all mental and physical power, so that nothing is done with pleasure and hope. Men have been at times so overwhelmed in despondency, that the daily duties of life were performed in a spirit of heaviness and despair. But the thickest clouds have passed away, and they have again the sunshine of hope and delight.

COURAGE.—Troops would never be deficient in courage, if they could only know how deficient in it their enemies were.

THE GHAUT MURDERS:

OR THE EXPOSURE OF THE SICK IN INDIA.

The description given in the following extracts, of the Hindoo superstitions, are in all respects literally true; similar scenes were enacted in our own presence, when many of these unhappy beings were seen lingering for days, on the margin of the consecrated stream. This practice, however, has been somewhat restricted by the influence of the British residents in India. The schools and colleges which are rising in that country, and the desire prevalent among the better class of the people for scientific instructions, will have a more effectual, and safe remedy, than measures of a more violent character. The lady whose language is used in the last extract, not long since fell a victim to the cholera. To the American visitants at Madras, her hospitality was always freely offered, and by them will her loss be sincerely regretted, and the memory of her services dwell on the minds of those her efforts in some measure redeemed from the thraldom of superstition.

EDITOR S. E. POST.

From the New York Whig.

An eye witness, who had just returned from India, under date the 25th of March, 1838, thus writes to the editor of the East India Magazine, from Cambridgeshire.

The Hindoos are extremely anxious to die by the side of the Ganges, that they may have their sins washed away in their last moments. When a person is on the point of death, his relations carry him on a litter to the bank of the river. The litter consists of some bamboos fastened together and slung on ropes. Some persons are carried many miles to the river, and this practice is often attended with very grievous circumstances: a person in his last agonies is dragged from his bed and friends; and carried in the coldest or in the hottest weather, from whatever distance, to the river side, where he lies, if a poor man, without a covering, day or night, till he expires; and not only this, but in his last agonies, he is put up to the middle in water, and the water poured down him. Leaves of the toolsee plant are also put in his mouth. His relations who carry him to the river call on him to repeat, and repeat for him, the names of Rama, Huree, Narayuda, Bramha, Gunga, &c. While he has life and power of speech, he himself repeats one or other of these names. In some cases the family priest goes to the river side, repeats some incantations and makes an offering to Voiturunee, the river over which the soul, they say, is ferried after leaving the body. The relations of the dying man spread the mud of the river on his forehead or breast, or on both, and afterwards with the finger write on this mud the name of some deity. If a person should die in his house, and, not by the river side, it is considered a great misfortune, as he thereby loses the benefit of the help of the goddess in his dying moments. If a person choose to die at home, he is sure to leave a bad name at death.

What the sick and dying suffer, by being exposed to all kinds of weather, in the open air on the banks of the river, and by being choked by the sacred water in their last moments, is beyond expression.

The wish to get rid of a burden is another reason. There is no public provision made for the old or infirm. All who are past labor become dependent upon their relatives; and the consideration of the expense may possibly make them wish to rid themselves of an incumbrance, especially when it can be done in a way, which, instead of appearing dishonorable, or any proof of want of affection, is rather considered an act of kindness.

How often is the aged Hindoo parent deemed an incumbrance by his family and carried a living victim, devoted to die on the margin of the Ganges, or some other holy stream; his own children fill his mouth and nostrils with mud; and cutting off every prospect of recovery, leave the author of their being, to be carried away by the stream as food for alligators and vultures!

When a person has been taken to the side of the Ganges or other substituted waters, under the supposition that he is dying, "he is, in the eye of the Hindoo law, dead; his property passes to his heirs, according to his bequest, and, "in the event of recovery, the poor fellow becomes an outcast." Even his own children will not eat with, nor afford him the least accommodation; if, by chance, they come in contact, ablution must follow. The wretched survivor from that time is held in abhorrence, and has no other resort, but to associate himself in a village inhabited by persons under similar circumstances. There are but few such receptacles. The largest is on the banks of the Sunta, which passes near Sooksaugar, about forty miles north of Calcutta.

Such is heathenism! Can you contemplate immortal beings passing into eternity under such circumstances without pitying and endeavoring to help those not yet lost forever? It may be instructive to detail a few cases of misery springing from this cruel and horrid superstition.

A gentleman, as he passed a place called Cutna, a little above Calcutta, saw some Brahmins pushing a youth, of about eighteen years of age, into the water; and as they were performing their work of suffocation with mud, he called on them to desist. They answered calmly—"It is our custom. It is our custom. He cannot live, our god says he must die."

On March 18th, at nine o'clock in the morning, a sick man by the name of Beckonant was brought by his relatives to the river side, and laid on the wet sand in expectation of soon expiring. In this situation he remained, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, till about four, P. M. when he was immersed up to the breast in the river; and in this position one of his relatives vociferated in his ears, 'Huree! Rama! Krishna! Rama!' After some time, finding that death was not so near as they anticipated, he was again replaced on the wet bank. The next morning the same ceremony was commenced of immersing and repeating the names of their deities, until five o'clock, P. M. when the man expired, literally murdered by his relations.

In a village near Serampore, an aged father was brought by his children to the river side to die. After having been there for some time, contrary to their expectations, he recovered and went home again; but his unfeeling children, instead of rejoicing that he was spared to them a little longer, so tormented by their jeers and scoffs, because he did not die when carried to the river side for that purpose, that weary of his life, the old man at length put a period to his existence by hanging himself on a tree near the public road!

One evening, some missionaries saw two respectable natives carrying a woman in their arms towards the river. On being asked what they were going to do with her, they coolly answered they were going to put her into the water, that her soul may go to heaven, for she was their mother. They were prevented that evening from consummating their design by the interference of one of the parties, but the next day, the same persons brought her and threw her into the water without the least remorse. A man who worked in a paper mill at Serampore was bitten by a snake. Forthwith his companions carried him to the river to throw him in. A missionary prevented them, and gave him some medicine. His friends would not sit up with him that night, saying that it was better for him to die than they should lose their sleep. The missionary remained, and cured him of the bite, by continuing the medicine. The poor man was very grateful to his friend, and worked afterwards on the mission premises.

I once witnessed a scene that made my blood almost freeze with horror. The sick person was a young woman who was unwilling to go to the river. As they approached the Ghaut, her screams were intolerable. She cried constantly—'Ame morey jay na (I am not dying)'—but the men who were carrying her, heard her not. They laughed at my entreaties, scorned my threats and rushed into the water with their victim. They poured water down her throat and choked her in the name of one of their gods. I inquired if it was usual to take them against their will. The reply was in the affirmative, else they would disgrace their families by dying at home.

Such are some of the heartless murders of the superstitious Hindoos, related by the writer of the article from which we have extracted so largely.—Were we to indulge our wishes, we would give them all, but want of space forbids. To give some idea of the extent of these murders, the present Bishop of Calcutta states that 1500 poor Hindoos were exposed at one Ghaut in Calcutta in two months.—And yet the British E. I. Company will take no steps to stop these cruelties. Verily, a Peter is needed to preach a crusade against superstition!

HINDOO RITES.—The late Mrs. Winslow, under date of Madras, August, 1837, in a letter to a friend in this country, gives the following painful picture of the Hindoo superstition:

'The natives have been lately performing the Churakee or hook swinging near our house, and a more dreadful scene can hardly be imagined.—The manner of doing this is by erecting a high post in an open place, and crossing it by a long pole in the manner of a well-sweep. The cross-pole has cords at both ends. The man who has to swing has two strong iron hooks inserted in his back by taking up about two inches of the flesh and forcing them through. These hooks are fastened to the cords on one end of the cross-pole; a rope at the other end is then pulled down until the end on which the man swings is raised high in the air, (we judge about fifty feet from the ground, as he was above the tops of the tallest cocoa-nut trees near him.) When he gets to a certain height, those holding the rope at the other end, run round with it three or four times. As the poor victim is thus swung round, he throws flowers, betel leaves, and sometimes fruit among the crowd below, which are eagerly gathered up and considered sacred. In two cases yesterday, they let off pigeons which they had taken up with them. Seventeen persons swung in this way, in the course of the afternoon. Mr. Winslow was very near to one when he came down; saw the hooks through the flesh, and witnessed the poor creature's attempts to conceal the pain. Thousands and tens of thousands flock to these spectacles. It is like a great fair. Booths are erected for the sale of arrack, fruit, &c. The beating of tom-toms, blowing of horns, and constant firing of guns are never failing accompaniments, and all this is considered agreeable to their gods.'

From "The Minstrel Girl."

STANZAS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She leaned against her favorite tree,
The golden sunlight melting through
The twined branches, as the bee
And easy pinioned breezes flew
Around the bloom and greenness there,
Awaking all to life and motion,
Like unseen spirits sent to bear
Earth's perfume to the barren ocean—
That ocean lay before her then
Like a broad lustre, to send back
The scattered beams of day again
To burn along its sunset track!
And broad and beautiful it shone;
As quickened by some spiritual breath,
Its very waves seemed dancing on
To music whispered underneath.

And there she leaned—that minstrel girl!
The breeze's kiss was soft and meek
Where coral melted into pearl
On parted lip and glowing cheek:
Her dark and lifted eye had caught
Its lustre from the spirit's gem;
And round her brow the light of Thought
Was like an Angel's diadem;
For Genius, as a living coal,
Had touched her lip and heart with flame,
And on the altar of her soul,
The fire of Inspiration came.
And early she had learned to love
Each holy charm to Nature given,—
The changing Earth, the skies above,
Were prompters to her dreams of Heaven!
She loved the Earth—the streams that wind,
Like music from the hills of green;
The stirring boughs above them twined;
The shifting light that shades between;—
The fall of waves—the fountain's gush—
The sigh of winds—the music heard
At even-tide, from air and bush—
The minstrelsy of leaf and bird.
But chief she loved the sunset sky
Its golden clouds like curtains drawn
To form the gorgeous canopy
Of monarchs to their slumbers gone!

The sun went down—and broad and red,
One moment, on the burning wave,
Rested its front of fire, to shed
A glory round its ocean-grave;
And sunset, far and gorgeous hung
A banner from the wall of Heaven—
A wave of living glory, flung
Along the shadowy verge of Even.

* * * * * * * * *

A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT BRIENNE.

BY THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

I have heard the Emperor relate a very extraordinary occurrence which took place at Brienne, at the time when that mansion (the residence of the Comte de Brienne, and his brother, the Cardinal de Lemenie, Archbishop of Toulouse, was the rendezvous of all sorts of amusements and pleasures. The Emperor was not then admitted into it, though he was afterwards, and treated with particular kindness; and he learned many things that passed from such of his comrades whose family connexions caused them to be admitted at the *chateau* during the vacations.

A young man belonging to Madame de Brienne's society was of so disagreeable a temper that nothing could live in good harmony with him. Among other pretensions, he declared that he never knew what it was to be frightened. One day the discussion on this subject grew warm. Four persons of the company offered to lay him a wager that he would be frightened before the end of six months. He accepted the bet; the conditions were fixed; he was to pay one hundred louis if he lost, and one hundred louis were to be paid him by the assailants, if he came off victorious in the contest.

At first things went on well enough. Morose as the temper of this man was, it was not always proof against the waggeries of his friends. The first month passed away, and he had not once yielded to fear. It had been agreed that the affair should not be continued anywhere but at Brienne.

One day the four friends being met, said to one another that it was a sort of disgrace not to have yet succeeded. One of them proposed a plan which was adopted and put into execution the very same night.

I have already observed that there were at Brienne, during the building of the new *chateau*, some remains of a pavilion of ancient construction, where the rats ate one of the Abbé Morellet's shoes; in this pavilion beds were made up for the younger visitors when there was more company at the *chateau* than could be accommodated there. Just at the time I am speaking of this happened to be the case, and the young man, whose courage was under trial, as well as several of his friends, was sleeping there.

The weather had been stormy all day, and when they retired to bed the air had that heaviness which is quite oppressive, and makes one feel ill.

"Here's a night for an apparition!" said the young rattlebrains to their friend.

"Let it come if it likes," replied he; "it shall be welcome."

So saying, he bowed to them with an ironical air, and retired to his own apartment.

The air, as I have said, was sultry, the atmosphere oppressive. The young man threw himself into an arm-chair, the worm-eaten legs of which were scarcely capable of supporting him, and there he had strange visions. His thoughts soon became confused, and he sank into an unquiet doze. His servants awoke him from this kind of torpor; he went to bed almost ill, and overpowered by a completely nervous impression, which could not be natural, even admitting the effect of the tempest.

The chamber in which he slept was at a distance from the whole occupied part of the pavilion, which of itself was quite lonely enough.—It was a very large, gloomy apartment. A bedstead with twisted pillars, and curtains trimmed with Hungarian point, was the most conspicuous piece of furniture that it contained. He looked at it a long time before he got into bed.

"Good God!" he had said, "it looks just like a tomb!"

The drowsiness occasioned by the overwhelming heat was soon changed into a profound sleep He was buried in his first nap, when he was suddenly roused by a plaintive sound. The noise was close to him. He was lying upon his ear.—He rose in his sitting, and it seemed as if he was continuing an interrupted dream. The four parts of the curtains were turned up over the bed-posts, and against each of them leant a figure in a complete suit of armour, but motionless, silent, and without any appearance of life.

He gazed on them at first with surprise, and presently with a sort of agitation.

"What do you want with me?" said he. "I know you; you are here to frighten me, but I give you notice that I am not afraid. You know our agreement, so leave me, and abandon your attempt."

As he thus spoke he lay down again and closed his eyes, but the figures continued motionless and silent. They retained the same attitude, while the thunder rolled awfully over the crazy pavilion, and made it shake to its old foundations.

Annoyed at this obstinacy he again raised himself in the bed, and addressed one of the figures. "What do you want with me?" said he, "I have already told you that you don't frighten me. You know our conditions; adhere to them, and keep your word as I keep mine."

Still there was the same silence. In this movelessness there was something awful, that began to operate on the mind of the young man. "Begone!" he cried to them, big drops of perspiration trickled down his brow, and his teeth chattered. "Begone!" he repeated; begone!.....*I am frightened!*"

The moment this confession had escaped his lips, he sank back in his bed, faint and gasping for breath. The figures remained motionless and silent as ever.

"Gentlemen," cried the young man, beside himself, "I know not if you have made a compact with the demons. I believe....for....I recognise you....you *have* frightened me....what would you have more!"

The same silence prevailed.

From the commencement of this pleasantry the young man, fearing lest it might be carried farther than he could bear, had always kept about him a pair of pistols loaded, and ready for firing. He laid them on the night-table beside his bed, and that same night he had examined the priming; everything was in proper order—he took up one of them.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I call God to witness that whatever accident may ensue is the fault of him on whom it shall light."

He cocked his pistol, and fired at one of the four figures. None of them stirred. The unfortunate man around whom they were planted ceased to distinguish any object, to hear any sound. His hand trembled—he made a last appeal.

"Another shot!" said he, in a broken voice. No reply. The second pistol was fired. The unhappy man looked—not one of the figures had stirred. His eyes turned from the object that had struck him to another object which he saw before him. It was his own ball that was returned to him. He gazed aghast, and sank back lifeless.

The young gentlemen who had engaged in this adventure, conceiving that they might find their antagonist difficult to deal with, had bribed his servant to take the balls out of his pistols.—Each of them had one to throw to him, and this was done, without his perceiving it, by the one at whom he had fired.

Sunday Reading.

THE BLIND NEGRO COMMUNICANT.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

The Saviour's feast was spread. Group after group,
From Zion's scattering band, now silent throng'd
Around the Sacred table, glad to pay,
(As far as sinful erring men can pay)
Their debt of gratitude, and share anew
The plain memorials of his dying love.
All ranks were gather'd there. The rich and poor;
The ignorant and wise; the tear-wet soul,
And the glad spirit yet in sunshine clad;
All, with their many hopes and cares and griefs,
Sought, quiet and unmarked, their 'customed place,
And still at the full banquet there was room.—
It was a solemn season; and I sat
Wrapt in a cloud of thought, until a slow
And measured footstep fell upon my ear:
And when I turned to look, an aged man
Of three score years and ten, appeared to view,
It was the blind Communicant! He came,
Led by a friendly hand, and took his place,
Nearest the table with a reverend air,
As if he felt the spot was holy ground—
There was a perfect hush!—The hour was come!
The symbols were disclosed, and soon there rose
The sweet tones of the shepherd of his flock,
Telling once more the story of the Cross;
And as he spoke in sympathy I gazed
Upon the blind old pilgrim by my side.
The sight was touching! As the Pastor taught
In accents all subdued how Jesus bore
The flight of friends, the stern denial vow,
The spear, the thorns, the agonizing cross,
With want, shame, persecution, torture, death,
The old man shook, convulsed; his ebon brow
Grew pallid in its hue; a few big tears
Ran trickling down his cheek, and from his lip,
Methought there came the words' '*Lord, is it I*'
But when there stole upon each listening ear
And throbbing heart, that prayer of matchless love
That type and watch-word for all after prayer,
'Father forgive them!' then he clasped his hands
And bowing his hoary head upon his breast,
Wept, even as a weaned child might weep.
There was a change! The bread and wine were brought,
He wiped the gushing drops from his thin cheek,
Bowed solemnly—received them both—then paused,
—Till raising his dull eyeballs up to heaven,
As asking for a blessing upon the rite,
He broke the bread, received the goblet close
Within his withered hands: restored it safe:
Then while a peaceful smile illumed his face,
Sank back as in an ecstacy of bliss.
The parting hymn was sung, and oft I paused,
And stopped to listen, as the old man's voice,
Broken and shrill, sought to mingle in
With modulated tones, and though his *lip*
Utter'd no music, yet I joyed to know
The *heart* was all-linked melody within.
Christ's seal was stamped anew upon each soul;
The solemn rite was finished, and the band,
Warmed to each kindly touch of human love,
Moved, full of thoughtful cheerfulness along
The quiet church-yard, where gay sunbeams danced
On the white marble tombs, and bright flowers made
A pleasant home for death; while 'mongst them all
The blind Communicant went groping on,
Along his midnight path. The sight was sad!—
My heart yearned for him—and I longed for power
To say as the disciple said of old,
'Blind man! receive thy sight,' and in the might
Of strong compassion, I could e'en, methought,
Have entered his dark prison-house awhile,
And let him gaze, in turn, on the blue skies
And the glad sunshine, and the laughing earth.
But soon I own'd a sense of higher things,
And in the heart's soft dialect I said,
'Old soldier of the Cross, 'tis well with thee!
Thy warfare is nigh finished; and though earth
Be but an utter blank, yet soon thou'lt gaze
On that bright country where thy God shall be
The never setting Sun; and Christ, thy Lord,
Will lead thee through green pastures, where the still
And living waters play—And though thou art
A creature lonely and unprized by men,
Yet thou may'st stand a Prince 'mongst Princes when
The King makes up his jewels! M. E. L.

Charleston, S. C.

MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do—for

"A want of occupation is not rest—
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd."

Such a man is not of God's order; and opposing his obvious design in the faculties he has given him, and in the condition in which he has placed him. Nothing, therefore, is promised in the Scriptures to the indolent. Take the indolent, with regard to exertion. What indecision! What delay! What reluctance! What apprehension! The slothful man says, "there is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets."—"The way of a slothful man is a hedge of thorns, but the way of the righteous is made plain."—Take him with regard to health—what sluggishness of circulation! What depression of spirits! What dullness of appetite! What enervation of frame! Take him with regard to temper and enjoyment—who is pettish and fretful? Who feels wanton and childish cravings? Who is too soft to bear any of the hardships of life? Who broods over very little vexation and inconvenience?—Who not only increases real, but conjures up imaginary evils, and gets no sympathy from any one in either? Who feels time wearisome and irksome? Who is devoured by ennui and spleen Who oppresses others with their company, and their questions, and censorious talk? The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle knows nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or lawful calling, which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire, to enjoy themselves.—Prayer should be always offered up for their servants and wives, and for themselves too. They are a burden to themselves. W. JAY.

SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

Extraordinary Instances of Subterraneous Fires and Inflammable Vapours.

In a work professedly devoted to the promulgation of all that is remarkable, curious, and extraordinary, it may fairly be expected that every endeavor will be made to present the superior reader with the most authentic accounts upon record of what has been, as well as the results of immediate observation. Nature is an herself all wonderful, and art is progressively advancing to the extraordinary; by attentively observing the effects, and striving to discover the causes of the former, the latter is stimulated, and in many instances brought to almost inconceivable perfection.

Under the above appellation we include the several species of fires that proceed from the earth, whatever be their cause, or however they may be produced; such as those which kindle themselves in mines, pits, common-sewers, and even in the loosen as it were of the sea. The generality of writers, who treat upon the breaking up of mines, give us instances of these singular phenomena, which indeed are more common than is generally imagined;—some of the most remarkable instances are here collected.

A coal-mine opened in the mountains near Brancon, for the use of the French troops, had been worked for many years without inconvenience or accident of any kind, when, in February, 1783, the workmen were interrupted in their labors by a phenomenon which they had never before witnessed, and by which numbers of them were considerably injured. The mine had been shut up for the night early in the time, an inflammable vapour had collected near the works, which took fire with a very considerable explosion when the sun entered with their candles. The danger they ran, and the injury to others, who, not believing the account given by these men, were resolved to have the demonstration of their own senses, determined the proprietors, to abandon the mine and open another: this precaution, however, proved useless; for they still found the same enemy. Philosophers, impatient of the pursuit, hearing of the accident, examined the workmen, who informed him, that when they approached the works in the mine, the flame of their candles gradually increased in length, and that the explosion almost immediately took place. From the report of M. Dolomeu and M. De Montigny, who were deputed by the Academy to inquire into the minute circumstances of the case, we learn that a similar accident was known in the coal-mines in Hainault, by the name of *Feu Bronon*, a whitish vapour, somewhat resembling a cinder's-ash, mixed with violence through the crevices in the walls of the works. This vapour, it is well known, is very inflammable, and takes fire so violent as explosion when it takes fire, as to strike down and nearly suppress every vestige of life, who does not take the precaution of throwing himself prostrate on the earth; it deserves to be remarked that the vapour ascends in a direct line towards the upper part of the mine, while little or no effect is felt at the bottom.

Hook, in his Philosophical Collection, relates a similar accident which happened in the mines near the Mendip Hills, in the county of Somerset. By the explosion, several workmen were thrown from the end of the mine to the entrance; and the effort of the inflamed matter, he states, sometimes so great as even to carry away the machine at the mouth of the mine.

The Philosophical Transactions mention various phenomena of this kind observed in the mines of Newcastle and Lancashire; one particularly, which took place in the year 1754, when three men, who were at work in one of the former, were so forcibly struck by the explosion of the inflamed matter, that their limbs were actually separated from their bodies.

These transient inflammations have been known to produce permanent fires, and frequently kindle without the action of any foreign cause. In a mine in the parish of Frogerdon, in Devon, a fire kindled of itself, and continued the whole bed of coals; and a similar accident in the same county, destroyed part of the mountain called Vixin. In 1738, a fire kindled in like manner in a mine near St. Etienne, but by great exertion, the communication was fortunately intercepted, and the fire extinguished.

These inflammable vapours are not the only thing which the workmen have to apprehend in coal-mines. There is another, less terrifying, but equally dangerous; it does not take fire, on the contrary, extinguishes the lamps and candles, and stifles, in the space of a few minutes, every person in the mine. It is called by the name of foul air.

In the mines of Hainault and Auvergne, these vapours are frequently discovered by a kind of *ignis fatuus*; sometimes, however, they are absolutely unseable. They are also found in the coal-mines of Scotland, both in England and Wales. The Philosophical Transactions mention eight persons who were suffocated in one day at the bottom of a ladder placed at the entrance of a mine belonging to Lord Sinclair, in Scotland—but are the dangers to which the miners are exposed, and, notwithstanding the various methods adopted to guard against them, they are frequently attended with fatal consequences.

In the Lancashire mines, when the men are obliged to discontinue their work, they send into the mine, before they enter it again, a man dressed in a kind of coarse sack with sleeves, which covers him from head to foot, so that he can only see by means of two pieces of glass placed conveniently for that purpose; the sheet or sack is made perfectly wet. The man carries a lighted candle in his hand. When he arrives at that place where the vapour is collected, he throws himself on the ground, and waits until the vapour has left the vapour, who kindles a fire on a small coal, approaches him. He then sets fire to it with his candle, which causes a violent explosion; after which, the men may enter without inconvenience. It is, however, necessary this operation should be made in time, as the vapour, if not prevented, will increase by new exhalations, and the cloud become so considerable that a man can be set on fire without the most attentive look: but this method affords no remedy for the vapour called foul air.

In the mines of Hainault, they employ less dangerous, and, at the same time, more effectual means. They open pits at regular distances, which, in the language of the country, are called *Haves D'Aerage* or vent holes. They place as many as possible at the two extremities of each quarry. The air by this means has a free passage in the mine, and carries off those formidable vapours. When the miners are not sufficiently quick, they increase it by suspending in the mine, which at the same time replaces the foul air with fresh oxygen. The rarefaction or air occasioned by these means causes the air of the mine, which at the same time replaces by that which enters through the other apertures.

All natural and vegetative substances in a state of putrefaction and enclosed in places where they have no free communication with the air produce inflammable matter that frequently takes fire of itself. A remarkable instance of with, took place on the 30th of July, 1757.

Mr. Gardener, a master mason, accompanied by one of his workmen, went to examine the stone of a privy, the conduct of which was supposed to be stopped up. On their arrival, the stone was closed up by means of a stone which had not yet exactly. Upon taking up the stone Bone was seen around the edge of it—the workman taking a lighted candle, in order to inspect the vaults, Mr. Gardener was incapable of investigating any farther than the entrance, which was very small, with which the cavity was filled, and the very strong smell which issued from it, would not suffer him to stand the stone did not at all terrify him, as he had witnessed similar phenomena on similar occasions, and he took no means of ascertaining the state of the vault. Accordingly he made use of a method which increased the fire in a most alarming degree; that he might be able to see clearly to the bottom of the vault, he threw into it a piece of lighted paper. The flame caught by the inflammable matter with which the vault was filled, and a considerable fire ensued which, as he supposed, the stone of the vault and extend into the court, before it ascended to the height of eighteen or twenty feet. In this state it continued the flame for the space of half an hour, when it appeared to be extinguished. In few minutes, however, it re-kindled, but it was merely for an instant, after it totally ceased. The fire was a beautiful blue colour, and the noise it made was like the sparkling of fire in a blacksmith's forge.

The neighbours were dreadfully alarmed, and were scarcely able to support the sulphurous odour which it darkened: fortunately, however, it was attended with no fatal consequences, though the workmen experienced a slight faintness and violent burning on the breast and face. Their clothes had a fortnight after a considerable violent spitting of blood.

It was discovered that the cause of this phenomenon was the stoppage of the conduit, the vapours of the vault having acquired, from their confinement, a sulphurous nature, and, being pressed by a subterranean force, they took fire. On the under surface of the stone, a considerable quantity of the half-collected oil, nearly an inch thick, which caught fire the moment a light was applied to it, and burnt for nearly eighty-four hours.

The inhabitant of Rome, who had a house on the banks of the Tiber, was on one occasion obliged to put out the fire behind a stove, which, as he supposed, had nearly burned the house down. He employed had nearly burned the house down. He employed had nearly burned the house down. He employed

AFFAIRS.

Commercial Advertiser.

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THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE MARRIED MAN'S FARE.

A PARODY ON THE "BACHELOR'S FARE."

Harpy and fine are a Married Man's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life,
He knows not the Bachelor's rivelries, devilries,
Caressed by, and sleeps by his children and Wife.
From lassitude free too, sweet home will to flee to,
A pet on his knee too, his kindness to share.
A fireside so cheery, the smiles of his dearest—
O tha, hoyra! tha is the Married Man's Fare!

Wife kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,
Bore promoting his comfort around;
Dispelling dejection, with smiles or affection,
Sympathising, advising, when facts or has frown'd
Old cares relating droll tales, never seeing,—
Little cross passing, all strangers to care;
Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some mimicking,
Economy decking the Married Man's Fare.

Thus in each July day one lively holiday;
Not so the Bachelor, lonely, forbrowed;
No gentle one near him, to home to endear him,
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no gone.
No children to climb up—"would fill all my rhymb up,
And take too much time up to tell his despair:—
Come housekeeper meeting him, cheering him, leading him—

Bills pouring, maids scouring, devouring his Fare.

He has no one to pet on—a sleeve or neck button—
Shirts ravaged in rags! dinners a rudeness at least
The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef too,
With overdone, underdone,—undone is he!
No son oft a treasure, in business or leisure;
No daughter, with pleasure new joys to propose;
But old maids and cousins, his home with in dozens
Relieving him soon of his Bachelor's Fare.

He calls children spes, tha' the fox and the grapes
So,
And him would be wed, when his locks are ik-
brown!
But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn-
out,
And maiden's deeding, cry, 'No, my love, No!'
Old age comes with sorrow, with trouble, and to-
row!
No hope is to-morrow,—some sympathy spares:
And then only to rue up he looks to the stars up—
None close his old eyes up—he dies—and with-
cross!

UNIVERSALITY OF DISCONTENT.—A gentleman had a board put up on a part of his land on which was written, "I will give this field t any one who is really contented;" and when a applicant came, he said," Are you contented?" the general reply was," I am." "Then," replied the gentleman,"what do you want with a field?"

A STRONG SPECIFIC FOR CURING HAIR.—A correspondent informs us that he is right a bot tle of this specific out west, and applied it once to his pate; which caused his hair to curl so the it raised him off the ground for two weeks, three days, thirteen minutes, and seven seconds.

NOT BAD.—Some one, we don't know who says, "Life is like a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people mind down and pick the fruit, no matter how they block the fingers—while genius, proud and perpendicular strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches, and bides fun in his trousers."

DR. Armstrong, in lecturing upon inflamma tion of the brain, remarked on the tendency, i some cases of delirium, of the patient to dwell in his ramblings, his most predominant feelings, and quoted the case of a justices clerk, who in rav- ing the progress of the quarrels, was engaged in swearing in witnesses one after another very rapidly, and invariably concluded with "So you swear help you God—Kiss the book—Give no a shilling."

A fellow, whose countenance was homely enough to scare the old one, was giving some ex tra flourishes in a public house, when he was ac sosted by a Yankee, who asked how the dickens fail into a brook when he was using "Whist &c you mean, you impertinent scoundrel?" "Why, I did'nt mean nothin', only you have got such a all fired crooked mouth, I thought as how you fought a failed in the brook when you was a fis and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry."—*Buffalo Star.*

MATRIMONY.—Has Ben her Jakes been here to night? "No Tom. What do you want to know for? 'Cause, if he hasn't said nothing in particular, I should like to. "Now you are getting me in flurry—why don't you tell me what you mean. "Why if Jake won't have you, I should like to." "Why if Jake won't, I'll have you. "Oh well—I will take no long to find out that I gums we had better let it all go. "Well then, for fear he won't want me, we may as well settle to now. "That's right, Sarah. So here's a kiss.

The Stone Mountain, a stupendous anomali on nature, in Georgia, 1700 feet high, is about to recieve additional interest by the erection on a tower or observatory of great height and di mensions on its summit. The Macon Messen ger mentions that Mr Aaron Cook, of Henry county, is now engaged in the construction on a carriage road to the summit, the mountain at the last accounts, had completed about the-fourths of the dis tance. About two hundred yards at the steep est part is necessarily constructed of wood, which is nearly completed. The observatory will rise several hundred feet above the mountain.

There is a good house for the entertainment of travellers, kept by a Mr. Johnson, at the foot of the mountain.

AN ANECDOTE.—We have been half inclined to suppose that the illustrious secret out in order to conceal their age, was rather spurious tha correct; but a slight incident occurred at a late ten of that great Canvas Institute, which put the matter right. A bobie was introduced to prove the age of an individual. The names of various members of the same family appeared o long array, but the age of none had evidently been obliterated and written anew. 'How is this' said the opposing counsel to a respectable old lady, who presented herself to vouch for the authenticity of the record—'How came these figures altered' The old lady was at first reluc tant to tell, but upon being pressed, fairly replied 'Well, if you must know, the girls did it. They scratched out their ages, but I wrote them a gain.' The answer amused the Court, for it was held perfectly satisfactory. So it must be held as recognised law, that scratched sometimes con ceal their age—*Long Island Star.*

DREAMS.

RESPONSE OF IDEAS IN DREAMS.—Two friends agreed to go on a walking excursion one day when promised to call the other at an early hour the following morning. He did so, but in vain, as his friend fell asleep again. He then dreamed that his father had several questions to him as to the state of his health—was alarmed at his re plies, and sent a messenger for a surgeon. Bot two medical gentlemen attended—put the usual question and ordered him a cold shower bath. He awoke with the shock and found that his friend, tired with waiting, had dashed a basin full of cold water in his face. It was evident that what to the dreamer seemed the concluding circumstance, was in truth the suggester of the whole series of ideal events. The wand had called up all that train of thought to account for the sensation produced by water. Several dreams illustrative of this point were related. There was something analogous to this in our waking hours. A single word would call up instantaneously a long series of by-gone events, and a reverse of fancies were often as rapidly run over as though in their passage through the mind as in dreams. Generally speaking how ever, our waking thoughts succeed each other less rapidly than the ideas which make up our dreams. This might be accounted for in the first place by the absence of sensations, and, secondly, by the absence of that irregularity of unity, which, when awake, we exercise over our thoughts. In sleep the flow of thoughts is as rapid and irregular as no motion of a clock without its regulator.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, or an unusual degree of humility, and no assumption studied, slow, and delibe rate. These things are all unnatural, and indicate a degree of mental discipline, into which he that has no purposes of craft or deception can never, cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are of this description as smooth razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.—*Lacon.*

Avoid as much as possible long standing ac counts. Make a settlement at least once a year, and do the same with your creditors.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

At the anniversary of the Mechanics' Apprenti ces' Library of this city, which was held on the 3d ult. several addresses were made by the differ ent gentlemen. Benjamin Russel, Esq. of this city, probably the oldest printer in the state, spoke as follows:

He said he arose not to make a speech. He could not if he would, and would not if he could. Nevertheless, his heart was full. He felt a new life in him. It seemed as if he had been born again. Though he was not going to make a speech, he would tell an anecdote which he thought would be alike interesting and instruc tive. In 1783 and he I was carried from Boston to the Revolutionary war to Worcester, I there went into the printing office of Isaiah Thomas.— I recollect one day that Benjamin Franklin came into our office. That distinguished man could pass a tavern or a house of amusement without going in, but if he had to pass a print ing office and no make a short visit, he he came into our office. We all knew his countenance. Presently he called the boys around him and asked to us. He said he was proud to have seen a printer. It was more honor than to be a statesman, or an ambassador, or a ruler of men. Why? Because printing was one of the arts—and said he, whatever is useful is honorable. I, continued Mr. Russel, was the youngest boy to be office, so he noticed me particularly, and the following dialogue ensued between us. "What your name?" Benjamin Franklin." "Thats my name. "Where was you born?" "In Boston." "That's where I was born too. Whose son you go o school to?" "To Mr. ——." "So did I now." After this colloquy the Doctor again addressed he boys. And now my lads, I have but one more lesson. I respected myself. I felt that I was young good.

After telling this anecdote, Mr. Russell went on to speak of Franklin as an example to young mechanics. He also contrasted the days, and disadvantages of his boyhood with those of the pre sent generation. In his day, schools were bad enough in all conscience, but they were also very irregularly conducted. There was no love of study. Writing and reading (though for the latter branch he had a great love) and ciphering were hard enough—but for arithmetic the mostic ned to be—

"Multiplication a vexation,
Division is as bad,
The rule of three doth puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad."

Mr. R. spoke in conclusion of the privileges which youths now enjoyed, especially young mechanics of the present day and urged upon them present to improve them.—*Lit. Rep.*

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE RUFUS KING.—Those who have had the benefit of hearing this great man's eloquence when he was in the vigor f manhood, fully remember it. At the time of he adoption of the Federal Constitution he resi ded on Newbury-st., and was elected as an elec ector at the Massachusetts Bar. His profes ional engagements often led him to attend the supreme Judicial Courts in the old County.

He would walk down to Boston, and after hook ed at, plain grey clothes and buttons covered with ee same, much resembling the uniform of Quak rs. On a certain day, when the trial was coming p month Court, he was overtaken by a stran wonder shower, and before he arrived at the Quaker Meeting House in Pembroke, Mas sachusetts, a large very handsome society of friends had assembled to hold it (it is 40 miles from Boston.) In search of relief from the storm he sat down the steps of his host and rode his horse under the shade of the other side of the house, where e gracefully walked. The elders seeing a very red-dressed stranger of their order, at they supposed, entire, room for him among them, and there he took his seat. All was profound si ence. After half an hour, Mr. King drew, as a Quaker phraseology delivered a most eloquent oration of about two hours, to the people present ut know he would be out of time a because ing engaged to the court in Boston, where his lower having passed, and meeting, his horse ade expeditiously away. It seems he be a vis ion truth the church in Pembroke, which he could get out of information respecting the preach- —and it created a great deal of excitement for several years. At length Mr. King again visited Boston, and on the day of his arrival, on the important case, the foreman of the jury to which was one of the society of friends, and a re fast, as usual very eloquently, with his broad rim on his head, he got up and took notice of him during the whole trial, his dress and ing in before, but when he rose to make he closing argument to the jury, he was so much so further than "May it please your Honors, and Gentlemen of the Jury," and the whole *Quaker* sprang instantaneously on his feet, and with much energy exclaimed, to the astonishment of the whole court and audience,—"That is the man who spoke a our meeting."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN ROGERS.—The following, drawn at random, is illustrative of God's holy care over his children, and is worthy of perusal and pub lication.

There is no doubt of its authenticity.

The Rev. John Rogers, and several of his children, were burned at the stake in Smithfield, for Reformed Catholic, in front of the palace, for his refusal to submit to the errors of the Church of Rome in their communion. While they were waiting to be put to death, and the fagots were piled up around them, Rogers' wife, with a babe at her breast, and a little daughter clinging to her knees, came to take their last farewell of Mr. Rogers, which was taken with his remarkable appearance. Being extremely fond of children, he took the babe from her, caressed her, and gave her some pieces of gold, and then returned her to her mother. The nurse of her grandfather then presented her with a pocket prayer book, which he had received from a stranger, telling him that God would provide for her. The child received it, and kissed it, and then returned it to her grandfather, who received it with a smile, and said, "Now I am satisfied, for I have been contradicted, the last prophecy that has been uttered." The child then left the place.

This unprecedented spirit was in the presence of a stance overcame him.

When she was sitting upon Mr. Rogers knee, refusing her husband's request to take the child, he said, "Gill, what are you here for, ha?" "I am come to see you burned, because you will not pray with my friends to-day. Upon this she ran up to the chamber where Sir Richard was, and knocking with her head against the door, cried out with a voice, 'What are you going to do with my good old gentleman? Come down, I say, and speak to him, or I will be gone, and never trouble you more.' Sir Richard, hearing the voice of his wife, ran hastily down stairs, and finding her in a swoon, took her up in his arms, and carried her into a parlor, where, after some time, she came to herself, and then said to him, "Sir Richard, you have undone me and your children, for you have refused to hear the word of God, and to pray with his people; therefore I will be gone, and never trouble you more." Sir Richard, finding that she was in earnest, said, "Gill, if you will go, you shall go with me." "Then," said she, "I will go with you, and I will go with you to the fire, and to the stake, and to the gallows